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JULETTY. By Lucy Cleavor McElroy. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. 1901.

This is the unattractive name for a pretty good and characteristic story of illicit whisky sellers in Kentucky, who feel put upon by spies and government officials, and desire only that Uncle Sam shall attend to his own business and let theirs alone. The story is laid in the "Pennyrile District," and is interesting, often exciting. Juletty's daredevil ride on the railway track, the scene in Al Lincque's cabin during the cyclone, Buddy's heroic rescue of the drowning mare, and the fox hunt with its consequences, are all well done, and hold the reader's interest. The finale, though not unexpected, has rather a humorous touch, not entirely surprising, however, from a girl who has, as Juletty is described as having, "eyes like twin globes of old Bourbon," and again "as whisky-colored eyes"—strong similes these, rather sparkling, certainly unique, and doubtless appealing to the Kentuckian of the old school. The book, despite many vulnerable points, is quite readable.

E. H. S.

THE WHITE COTTAGE. By Zack. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

This is a short, well-told story of rather tempestuous love in a cottage by the sea. The people are plain fisher folk in an English seacoast village. The plot is so simple that it can scarcely be called a plot at all, yet one is surprised by sudden turns in the story, and by the steadfast love of Luce, the heroine, for a selfish, rather brutish man, in great contrast to the hero, Mark Tavy, who has loved her from childhood. Mark has high ideas of right and wrong, but is in great surprise that the Almighty does not lead him in the ways of pleasantness which he thinks his uprightness deserves. His life is attuned to a false key, he not knowing that happiness is the one thing in life which, being pursued *per se*, eludes our grasp, but comes only by trying to give it to others. His is the character of the wavering, uncertain type which always fails to commend itself to women, they

leaning to the masterful in man. Mark is selfish in his love, yet battles with himself and tries to do the right thing by his rival, and is once or twice accidentally heroic. He is not a lucky fellow, things go against him; but since we are told that there is no such thing as "luck," we can only say that Mark's judgment was at fault in failing to take advantage of that full tide in his affairs which we are told comes to us all once in a lifetime.

The style is good and the action quick. The end of the story has a decided dramatic touch and a stern pathos.

E. H. S.

THE DARLINGTONS. By Elmore Elliott Peake. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1900.

All in all, "The Darlings" is one of the cleanest, sanest, and freshest books we have read this year—and these traits we like to think of as belonging to the American character and the typical American book. There is no forced patriotism, no talk about the flag, no pose assumed; it is a healthy exhibition of what is soundest and best in American life—the gradual conquering of forces in self, the strengthening of moral forces in the girl, the unbending and broadening of the man, the action and reaction of character and personality. We feel that we are in actual American life, out in the broad sunshine, breathing the atmosphere of the working world where something is done. A possible exception is the drug-cursed, maniacal brother, whose fate borders on the melodramatic.

The names of the author suggest a flavor of both North and South Carolina, and the local railway in the book is evidently taken from the termini of a branch road in North Carolina; but apparently the actual scene is laid somewhere north of the Ohio, in that great country of the North Central States so full of interest and importance in the development of American character. For the very reason that State and locality are no more clearly defined, and that the author seems to possess abundantly something of the freedom of both North and South, Mr. Peake brings a characteristic American breath of fresh air into his book.